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THE SPRINGTIME OF LOVE. LOVE'S CREED. Two vols. By Albert Edmund Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

The two volumes which have come, during last year and this, from the pen of Mr. Trombly, call especial attention to this poet, whose preoccupation with the themes of love is so noticeable, even in the titles of the volumes. His art, with its many graceful turns and its authentic inspiration, is conscious and precious. It is impossible to escape the obsession that the poems are "stylicized": they are deliberately couched in language that is patently poetical. A catalogue of words used by Mr. Trombly would evoke an irrepressible smile. A more commendable simplicity than is ordinarily characteristic of the author is noticeable in "As Wakens on the Morn"—though it is not quite easy to forgive "golden kisses." A most felicitous use of the adjective, abused as it dreadfully is, may be found in the pretty rondeau, "My Golden Boy." There is one grateful sonnet to Bliss Perry, "great-hearted friend"; we may guess the identity of still another sonnet, amusingly beginning "Critic, despair not yet . . ." and dedicated "To B. P." To B. P. then shall we leave him, with the iterated injunction: "Critic, despair not yet. . . ."

A. H.

THE MINISTRY OF ART. By Ralph Adams Cram. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

To all neo-Gothics the "beauty of holiness" becomes, as Lanier would say, "the holiness of beauty." And the revision is made without essentially changing the underlying meaning of either phrase, for to them holiness and beauty are one to such an extent that they would consider it inconceivable to compare a plain New England meeting-house with a Gothic cathedral or English abbey, as a place for the true worship of God. Art, they claim, is the divine means whereby finity can sound the depths or scale the heights of infinity, and live in communion with it. Hence the sooner our present machinery-ridden, superficial world turns again to the production of real art (whether kitchen utensils or cathedral) the sooner the millenium may be expected. And these Gothic propagandists urge that the most fruitful beginning can be made by rediscovering the untold